

# THIRTEEN

TRACY

We are so perfect for each other. You know, if everybody married someone.. from a different race... then in one generation... there would be no prejudice.

EVIE

So, you had a good time?

TRACY

Yeah. But it tasted kinda nasty.

*EVIE lights a cigarette*

TRACY

No. No. My mom will kill me.

EVIE

She smokes.

TRACY

No shit. The same brand.

EVIE

No shit.

TRACY

Shh-- You want it so bad. Look what I got from the tattoo shop.

EVIE

Let's do it right now.

*EVIE puts out her cigarette*

TRACY  
Sewing kit.

EVIE  
This is probably gonna hurt worse than your tongue.

TRACY  
I don't give a shit. Just do it.

*EVIE pierces TRACYS belly button.*

TRACY  
Oh, fuck! What the fuck did you do?

EVIE  
Trace, it's cool that you're not scared of needles. We can go and get tattoos.  
More piercings.

TRACY  
I have to ask you something.

EVIE  
What?

TRACY  
Okay, um... you never did anything... with that crusty  
tattoo guy, right?

EVIE  
Yeah. He ate my pussy.

TRACY  
Oh, my God! Are you sh...

EVIE  
I'm kidding, idiot.

*O.S.*  
*Yo, Evie. You ready?*

EVIE  
I'm going to the park with K.K. Give me a sec. 'Kay? Go away! What, do you  
wanna come?

TRACY  
Yeah.

EVIE  
It's just gonna be me and K.K. You know? I love you, Tracy.

TRACY  
Evie.